The World.

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PUT "THRU" THE SPELLING MILL.

BAD SPELLS have been so numerous of late at Wellesley College that special classes in orthography have been inaugurated for girls delinquent in that branch of English. More than 600 students, or about half of the total registration of Wellesley, are included in this club of dictionary delvers. They will have to devote an hour a day, including Saturdays, to nothing but spelling, "thru"-out the remainder of the academic year. It is as easy to get into one of these classes as it is to become a member of an Ananias Club. All a girl has to do to become eligible for the spelling bee is to submit a paper in which three or more words are mis-spelled. It is expected that practice will make perfect in these daily drills under Miss Agnes Perkins, supplemented by the class in punctuation to be conducted by Prof. Pope. Proof-reader accuracy in the accomplishments named will be necessary hereafter to secure a bachelor of arts degree at Wellesley.

Originality and individualism seem to be less fostered and more depreciated in spelling than in any of the other arts or sciences. It is worse than useless to be born with an inventive faculty in this line. The old saying, "The style is the man," or the woman, as the case may be, don't go in orthography.

Only a colossal genius like the late Josh Billings can devise a labor-saving system of spelling "of" as "uv," or "you" with a simple "U," and get away with it.

Prof. Brander Matthews and Andrew Carnegie and other lexicographers of great wealth have promoted a complicated scheme of "simplified" spelling which is used to lighten up the otherwise dull and heavy columns of "The Outlook" with a quaint little touch of grotesque humor; but this is a luxury beyond the means of the common literary and journalistic masses.

Only to-day we were reading a publisher's advertisement of a new "Dictionary of Hard Words," giving the different, variable or disputed spellings of 19,000 words—a number considerably in excess of the entire vocabulary of Shakespeare!

All words are "hard," if you go into their derivation, history and etymology. But after all it does not make them any easier to wipe out the record of their past in an effort to represent them by arbitrary and meaningless combinations of letters supposed to render their pronunciation as called "correct" by some professor or school.

Notwithstanding the multiplication of new-fangled systems and "fonetik alfabets," we are all glad enough to have the good old dictionary to fall back upon when cornered by such words as, for instance, "syzygy," or "sphygmomanometer."

For this reason we believe that the hours put in by the Wellesley girls in their compulsory spelling classes will be all to the good—even the Saturday afternoon sessions that may entail the occasional sacrifice of a theatre matinee.

THE MONEY TRUST.

PRAISE for the action of Mr. J. P. Morgan in coming to the rescue of three shaky banks should be tempered by an inquiry as to how it comes that he alone can "rescue" the water-logged in finance. It is because Mr. Morgan, with extraordinary genius in the use of men and money, has created a Money Trust without whose behest all things financial are in vain in New York.

Each crisis, however created, finds him the gainer. The Morse-Thomas-Heinze episode gave him the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and the Portchester Railroad, though the three adventurers named had nothing to do with either enterprise. They simply created a condition that tightened money and which grew tighter as the Great Rescuer pulled the rope.

It is announced that "cash" has taken the place of unsound securities in the "rescued" banks. Whose cash? Why, yours and everybody else's that chances to be stored in other banks and about the use of which not YOU but Mr. Morgan has the say. He has now gobbled up a tidy new bunch of millions and so is rapidly completing his control of all the money in this town—your money, please remember, fellow-citizens, which will soon be turned against you in the subway deal, to earn YOU no interest from the depository, but to make you pay 23 per cent. or more in profits to the Money Trust's subway!

Letters From the People

Alexander Pope.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who was the author of the following lines?

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way."

B. J.

A Husband's Plaint.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will wise readers advise me what to do in a case like this? I am a hard-working married man with a wife and two children. My wife insists on going out two or three times a week to dances, and if I say anything to her she tells me to get out of the house. C. S. D.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was 1900 a leap year? F. J. S.

A Latin Quotation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly tell me the meaning of the following words: "Varium et mutable semper femina est. ROBERT A.

It is a Latin quotation, meaning: "Woman is always uncertain and changeable."

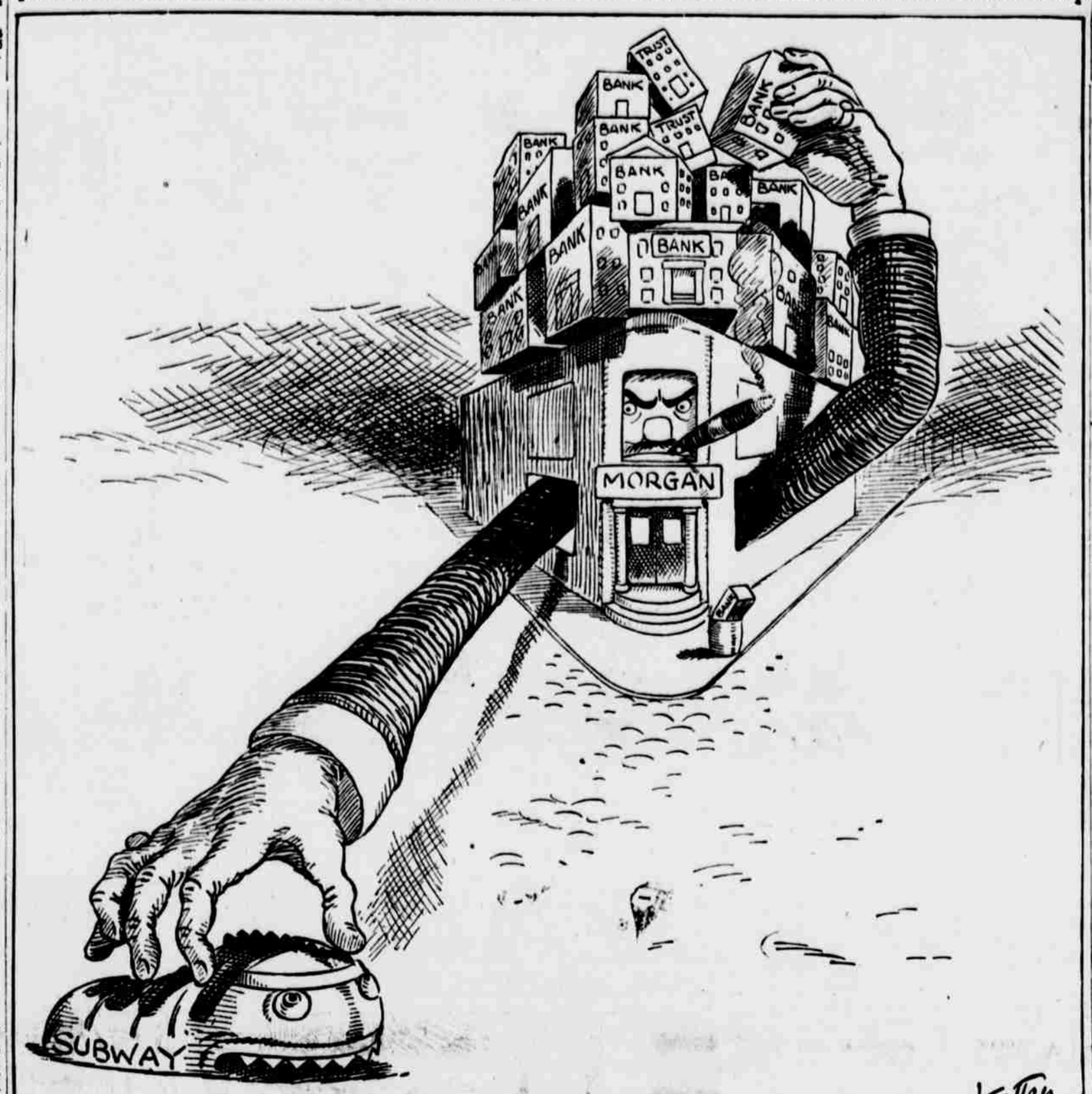
Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it necessary to procure a marriage license in New Jersey? P. G.

Next!

By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarr Family

The Angel Child Seeks to Cure His Father Of the Cigarette Habit—and Scores No Hit

By Roy L. McCardell.

"PAPA, why do you smoke those cigarettes?" asked the little Jarr boy.


ROY L. McCARDELL

The tone he spoke in was chidingly critical, and the fond mother, who overheard raised her voice to commend the speaker and confound the smoker.

"There!" she exclaimed. "When your own child notices a thing like that I should say it was time you were ashamed!"

Mr. Jarr threw away the cigarette with a guilty look.

"Well—um—er—I'm not a fiend for them!" he hastened to explain. "But for a short smoke I sometimes light them."

"Of course nothing I say has any effect," Mrs. Jarr went on, "but when your little children—when innocent babies notice your faults it is time to amend them."

"I might have worse faults!" said Mr. Jarr, sulkily.

"And you doubtless have," said Mrs. Jarr. "But when even a child notices what its parents are doing, when they are doing wrong, it behooves the parent to behave, if only for the sake of setting a good example."

"I'm going to smoke cigarettes, betcher life!" cried Master Willie Jarr. "Izzy Slavinsky smokes cigarettes, and he said to me, he said: 'Wanna see the smoke come out o' me eyes?' And I says: 'Sure!' And he says, 'Putcher hand on me stomick and press hard.' An I put me hand on his stomick and pressed hard and he put the cigarette down on me hand and burnt me. An' I hollered, and he said if I hadn't hollered I'd 'a' seen the smoke come out of his eyes, an' he wanted me to try again, but I wouldn't. But when I'm bigger I'm gonna smoke cigarettes and make the smoke come out o' me eyes!"

This childish recital of adventure and desires not making the good impression Master Jarr had hoped for (in fact, both his father and mother were regarding him with blank curiosity), Master Willie again said to his father:

"Don't smoke them cigarettes, paw."

It had been a sure-fire-hit line previously.

"You see!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You see how the bad actions of elders corrupt the ideas of the young!"

"I only notice that Willie remonstrances against my smoking cigarettes arise from no very deep convictions against the habit," said Mr. Jarr. "He has aspirations that way himself."

"The poor child! What does he know about the injurious effect?" replied Mrs. Jarr.

Then she turned to Master Willie and spoke solemnly:

"I hope mother's little boy will never, never smoke tobacco in any form. It stunts the growth of growing children. You want to grow up to be a great, big man, don't you, Willie?"

"No," said the little boy. "I want to grow up to be a dwarf and be in a circus."

"Where does the child get such ideas?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm. "Oh, I do wish we could move out of this neighborhood! That Johnny Rangle is the worst boy, and that Izzy Slavinsky—you heard it just now—he smokes cigarettes! What can poor people do? They can't keep their children indoors all the time. And when they go out in the street they pick up dreadful ideas."

"Oh, I guess the little boys in this neighborhood are no worse than any other little boys," said Mr. Jarr. "You don't want Willie to be a milksop, do you?"

"Of course not!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I do want him to be a little gentleman, and not to fight or get his clothes dirty or go with bad boys or say naughty words or ever smoke cigarettes, no matter how big he gets. Willie, if you'll be real good I'll get you a nice velvet suit and pretty little embroidered handkerchiefs to wear in the sleeve of the jacket, like this." And Mrs. Jarr displayed a picture in a fashion paper she had at hand, showing a doll-baby sort of a boy with a dainty handkerchief protruding from the sleeve of a blue velvet jacket with a broad lace collar.

"Ah, I wouldn't wear that sissy thing!" cried young Hopeful. "I want a Boy Scout suit and a revolver."

Mr. Jarr grinned, and Mrs. Jarr felt the refining influences of life were being weakened with Willie.

"But you don't want your papa to smoke those horrid cigarettes, do you, my little man?" she asked, stroking his youthful brow.

"No, I don't," said Mamma's Joy.

"Because it is a very bad habit for anybody to smoke, isn't it, angel?" asked Mrs. Jarr, with a "Now-listen-to-this!" look at Mr. Jarr.

"No," said the angel. "But I've got a double set of them cigarette pictures. I want paw to smoke another kind so I can get prize-fighting pictures. And then, when I get all the prize-fighter pictures, I want him to smoke the cigarettes that has the baseball players' pictures, and then I want him to smoke"—

But father was never to know, for the angel child was being led away for strict disciplinary treatment.

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!" By Clarence L. Cullen

THERE'S a pear-shaped pearl at the end of many a "rope!"
Herd up your Hobgoblin and make him commit hari-kari!


C. L. CULLEN

Yes, men, like water, "finally reach their level." But once we took a swim in a lake that was ten thousand feet above the level of the sea!

Poise, patience, perseverance—another "mitt" to draw to!

Somehow we just nachully hate to have our Rival put one over on us when the Boss is looking!

Tanglefoot will never give a Boost toward the Top!

If only we could see one of our days' fool gyrations on a moving picture film, could hear one of our days' gabble out of the unmitigating horn of a phonograph, how suddenly would we cancel the cut and try a new system!

Sapience never yet was achieved by a Sap-Head!

There's a Jangled Note somewhere in Love that's too solemn to Laugh!

These are the languorous days in Santa Barbara—but there's nothing to keep us from "playing" that we're there!

There's a Science of Navigation that has nothing to do with the Sea!

We hope we're not living in any Fools' Paradise—but the Down-and-Out Club hasn't beckoned to us once since the beginning of 1911!

A Resolve isn't much good unless it is built upon Resolution!

The day may be drear, and bleak, and gray—but the Pansies will be making their grinning little faces at us before we know it!

"Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the rang'd Empire fall!" said Marc Antony, rooting against himself—and a little while later Marc was a Used-to-Was!

That good horse, Endurance, never yet ran for the End Book!

After all, the most that's asked of us is simply that we Behave!

The chap who, catching his own eye in the glass while shaving, says to his reflection, "You mean old scrub, you had your knocking clothes on last night, didn't you?" is on the Beat to Betterville!

"Coming events cast their shadows before"—but we're not going to be stampeded by Phantoms!

What a lot of water has passed beneath the bridge since the last time we saw absolutely "no way out!"

Our idea of Love's Labor Lost is to tell the Boy of twenty-one what a Bonehead we were at his age and to expect him to see the Connection!

The Day's Good Stories

Due Precautions.

IN a town in Georgia there was an old preacher whose knowledge of the world was not wide nor deep, but who conceived it to be a place where, if one should trust his fellow men, he should at the same time keep an eye on his own interests.

One hot day he pulled off his coat and preached a vigorous sermon, under the pines, in his shirt sleeves. At the close of the open-air service one of his admirers approached him and said, regretfully:

"I don't suppose you knew that a United States Senator was here when you pulled off your coat."

"I reckon I knew it well, for I'd been told of it," said the preacher, calmly. "I don't believe he's as bad as he might be, and anyway, I put my coat on the chair close by, and had it right under my eye all the time."—Youth's Companion.

No Latitude.

AN Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal. "And now," he said, "what is latitude?" After a brief silence a bright youngster with a merry twinkle in his eye said: "Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. Father says the British Government won't allow us any."—London Scraps.

An Eye to the Future.

"IT would probably take many generations of adversity to train Americans into the farseeing thriftiness of my people," once observed an American of Scotch birth. "I remember a case of a Scotch woman who had been promised a new bonnet by a lady. Before she undertook the purchase the lady called and asked the good woman:

"'Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Carmichael?'

"'Well,' responded Mrs. Carmichael thoughtfully, 'I think I'll tak' a straw ane. It'll maybe be a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm done wi' it.'"—Lippincott's.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland


HELEN ROWLAND

MARRYING for companionship is about as reasonable as going to a pink tea for excitement and dissipation.

Cheap sentiment, like cheap scent, is often mainly a matter of alcohol.

Before he marries her a man may be afraid to kiss a girl; afterward he is afraid not to.

Man is an atom, and he expects every woman to be an atomizer, sprinkling the air with incense and flattery most of the time.

No man knows what a brilliant fiction writer he might have made until his wife gets out his old love letters and begins to read them to him.

A "militant" woman and the strong-armed lady in the side show have about equal fascinations for the average man.

A man often wakes up to find that he has proposed to a woman when he was merely trying to find out in a roundabout way if she would marry him in case he should ever decide to ask her.

Marriage is an "institution" in which blindness, insanity and intoxication are all cured—while you wait.

Pride goeth before a sprawl.

Brother's Verdict.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

PAPA says you're straight from Heaven. That seems queer;
It's where our other baby went last year.
I s'pose he told you all about his home
And us, and set you howlin' so to come,
'At all the folks and angels couldn't hear.
Until they let you come; anyhow.
Why are you makin' such a rumpus now
You've butted in, and makin' such a fuss,
As if you're disappointed some in us.
'Twon't help you any—raisin' such a row.
We feel as bad as you do 'bout it, so!
If you ain't satisfied, why don't you go?
Our other baby had two little teeth
And a dimple in his pink chin just beneath,
And the sweetest smile 'at wavered to and fro.
The angels didn't think you's worth a name,
No wonder 'at you turn so red from shame!
How dare you bring your homely little face
Into my other baby brother's place?
It's 'nough to make us sick to watch your game.
A cuttin' loose, and raisin' such a fuss!
That's why the angels packed you off to us.
Land knows 'at we don't want you, anyhow,
If you're goin' to keep on makin' such a row,
You homely lookin' little hippypotter-mus!

The Story of a Jilt

—:By Herself:—

SYNOPSIS.

The Jilt decides to accept Prentiss Buckner, a wealthy, middle aged man. She also becomes secretly engaged to Jack Spain, a college boy, and has some difficulty keeping her double secret.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

AUNT ALLISON announced our engagement in September, the marriage to take place on Thanksgiving Day. There were sewing-women already in the house before the formal announcement. The upstairs rooms were flooded with billows of white stuff, beautifully bridal. Two Louisville dressmakers had been engaged.

The invitations were ordered and Prentiss had a ring safely on my hand—a sapphire as darkly splendid as his blue eyes and encircled with diamonds. I had managed to keep free of rings since I had returned Allen Brainerd's. I always said that love ought to be left unshackled and that I wouldn't wear a commonplace symbol of bondage. It was a successful speech. Most men like a girl who is indifferent to trinkets; they think her indifference proves a divine unworldliness of spirit.

But I didn't try a ruse like that with Prentiss, for I really meant to marry him, and so I had no incentive to escape the official emblem of my promise. I had only to reckon with Jack about it, and our accounting would have to be met anyway, ring or no ring.

I hadn't seen Jack for several weeks when my engagement to Prentiss was announced. For two or three Sundays previous I had run off to house parties where neither he nor Prentiss were invited, a proceeding which each of my fiances had permitted in the belief that he was allowing me a final, harmless little fling of girlhood. And I hadn't written to Jack either. He had repeatedly talked to me over the long distance telephone, and I had somehow managed to satisfy him with those communications.

A Moment of Melodrama.

My engagement was announced in the Louisville evening papers on Saturday. Early Sunday afternoon Jack came. I was alone in the sitting room at the time, and he walked right in without so much as a ring or a knock to announce him, or a word of greeting when he stood before me. I remember that all his fine, healthy color had faded and that with its loss he seemed to have lost his youth, too. He looked as much a man as Prentiss then, and I vow I would almost as soon have married him. I think I loved him—just for a moment.

He came up to me and took my hand and wrenched off the sapphire ring. It fell on the floor and lay there. I was afraid to pick it up. Jack should have slung me over his shoulder and marched off with me right then. He could have done it! Instead he began to talk—and I could talk better than he.

"You can't marry Prentiss Buckner," he said, "you belong to me. You've always been my girl, Sylvia!"

The minute he spoke his suddenly acquired manhood vanished; he was just my old playmate, Jack. It seemed absurd to think of him as a husband. I could see in him so plainly the chubby traces of the little boy who had bullied and adored me years ago. I didn't intend to be bullied again.

"Now look here, Jack!" I said firmly. "I am going to MARRY Prentiss Buckner. I've PROMISED!"

"You've promised ME!" he exclaimed.

"Yes." I admitted, "I reckon I did sort of promise you, Jack. But you oughtn't to hold me to that. You—you scared me into it anyway!"

"Scared you into it?" he repeated amazedly. "What on earth do you mean, Sylvia?"

"Well," I said, "you—you KISSED me, Jack."

"And that scared you into promising to marry me?"

He was still incredulous, and he was still importunate for his rights. I had to convince him that he had imposed upon me. I couldn't get rid of him any other way.

A Kiss and a Trick.

"I thought I ought to marry you," I said, looking straight into his eyes, "NOBODY EVER KISSED ME BEFORE!"

He fell back and stared at me and his face went whiter than ever.

"Good God!" he whispered. And that whisper, with its weight of chivalrous horror, sounded through me more clamorously than the wildest cry of passion or of pain.

I knew then that the usual feminine lie had won my trick for me.

"You wouldn't wear a ring for me," he observed.

"I couldn't," I answered.

"Because you didn't really love me?"

"Yes," I murmured.

"And do you love him?"

"Yes," I repeated.

"Then I'd better go," he said sadly.

"Oh, don't blame me! Don't blame me!" I cried. For I couldn't bear to be blamed, then or ever.

(To Be Continued.)